Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doeſt bely him Percy, thou doeſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durſt as well haue met the deuill alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemie.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer:
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the deuill come and rore for them,
I wil not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
North. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zoundes I will ſpeake of him: and let my ſoule
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part Ile emptie all theſe vaines,
And ſhead my deare blood, drop by drop in the duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vnthankefull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once agayne
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke looke pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?
North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappie king,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardō) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mou
Liue ſcandaliz'd and fouly ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cooſen king,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil king.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?